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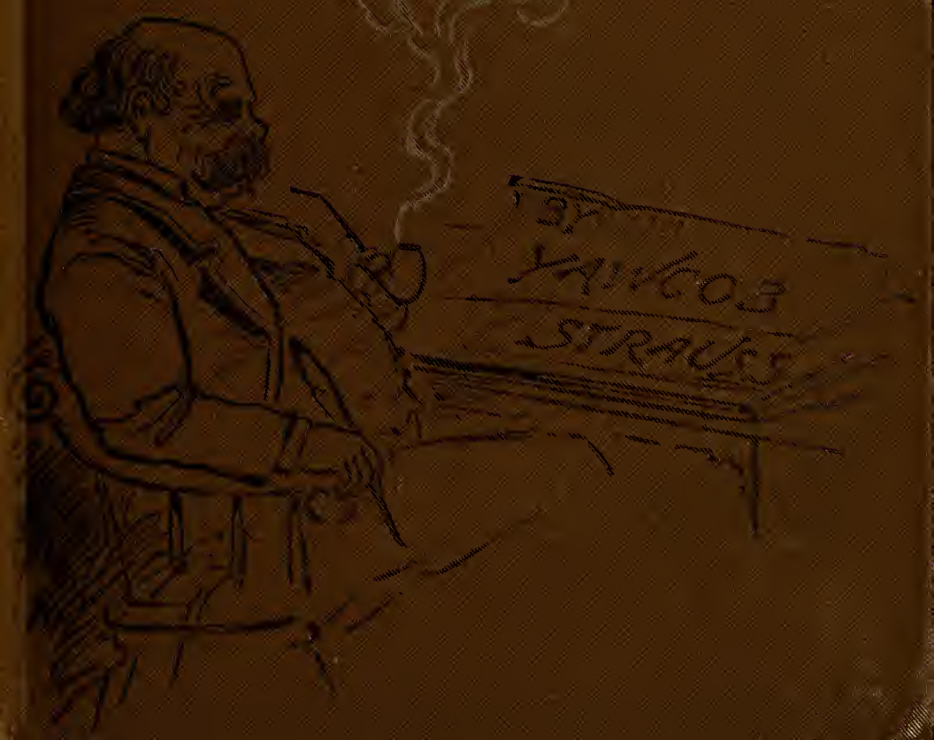
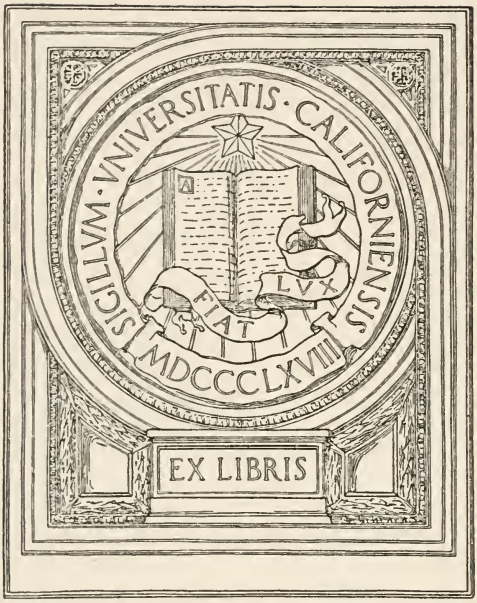
DIALECT BALLADS

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Chas. Follen Adams.

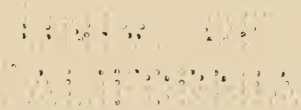
DIALECT BALLADS

BY

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

AUTHOR OF

"LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS, AND OTHER POEMS"



ILLUSTRATED BY "BOZ"

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1888

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PREFACE.

In the preface of a previous volume ("Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems") the plea is made that "the writer, moving only in the mercantile world, feels that he has wandered into forbidden ground, and craves the indulgence of the *literati* for these attempts to 'woo the Muse' during the few leisure hours allowed to members of his vocation." The kind reception accorded the above-named volume, both by the *literati* and the public at large, renders it entirely unnecessary for any further "craving" on the part of the author in presenting this volume of his subsequent work; not because he feels that it is free from faults and crudities, which are many, but because he hopes that the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," even though expressed in homely, Anglo-Teutonic verse, will carry it, as it has its predecessor, to the great heart of the people, which he be-

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lieves is still large enough to sympathize with the senior Strauss in his social troubles and daily perplexities.

Many of these poems have appeared in the columns of Harper's Magazine, the *Detroit Free Press*, and other publications, and the present compilation is designed as a companion volume to "Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems," with which it is nearly uniform in size and general style. The illustrations, like those in the previous volume, are from the pencil of Mr. M. J. Sweeney ("Boz"), for whose hearty co-operation the author is largely indebted.

Charles Follen Adams.

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MINE VAMILY.

Dimbled scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen blaying horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
Der oder day vhen she vas veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Katrina.

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily.

"AH-GOO!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
Vhen I goes to hees crib at der preak off der day?
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,
Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboudt,
Shust like dhey vas saying, "Ve vant to get oudt!"
Vhile dot baby looks oup mit dhose bright eyes so plue,
Und don'd could say nodings, shust only,
"Ah-goo!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas dinking aboudt,
Vhen dot thumb goes so qvick in hees shveet leedle mout',

Und he looks righdt avay, like he no undershtandt
Der reason he don'd could qvite shvallow hees handt;
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees eyes,
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surbrise;
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic dricks he vas droo,
He lay back und crow, und say nix budt
"Ah-goo!"

Vot makes dot shmall baby shmile vhen he's ashleep;
Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von "bo-peep?"
Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he haf colic—
More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;

"AH-GOO!"

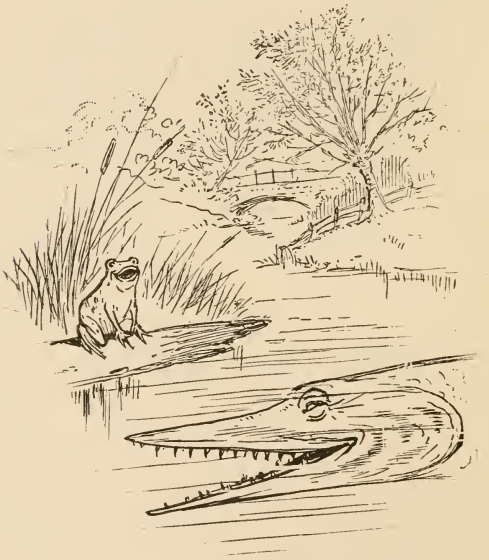
I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,
Und dhen eef *she* shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
Oxcept shmile, und blay, und keep oup hees
"Ah-goo!"

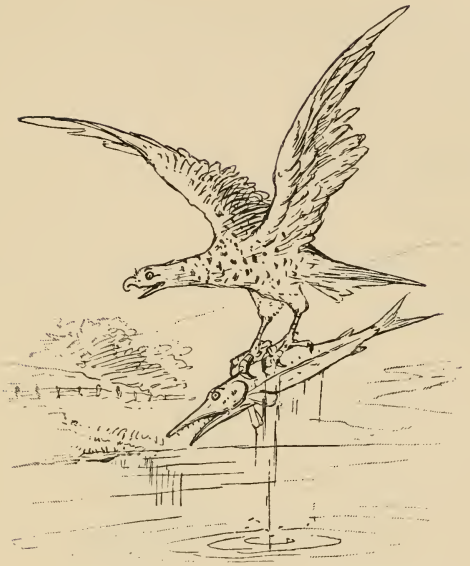
I ask me, somedimes, vhen I looks in dot crib,
"Vill der shirdt-frondt, von day, dake der blace
off dot bib?
Vill dot plue-eyed baby dot's pooling mine hair
Know all vot I knows aboudt drouble und care?"
Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its bride und its
sins,
Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas tvins,
Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying,
"Ah-goo!"

"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!"

A FROG vas a-singing von day in der brook
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!),

Und he shvelled mit pride, und he say, "Shust look;
Don'd I sing dhose peautiful songs like a book?"
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)





A fish came a-shvimming along dot vay
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!);
'I'll dake you oudt off der vet," he say;
Und der leedle froggie vas shtowed avay.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

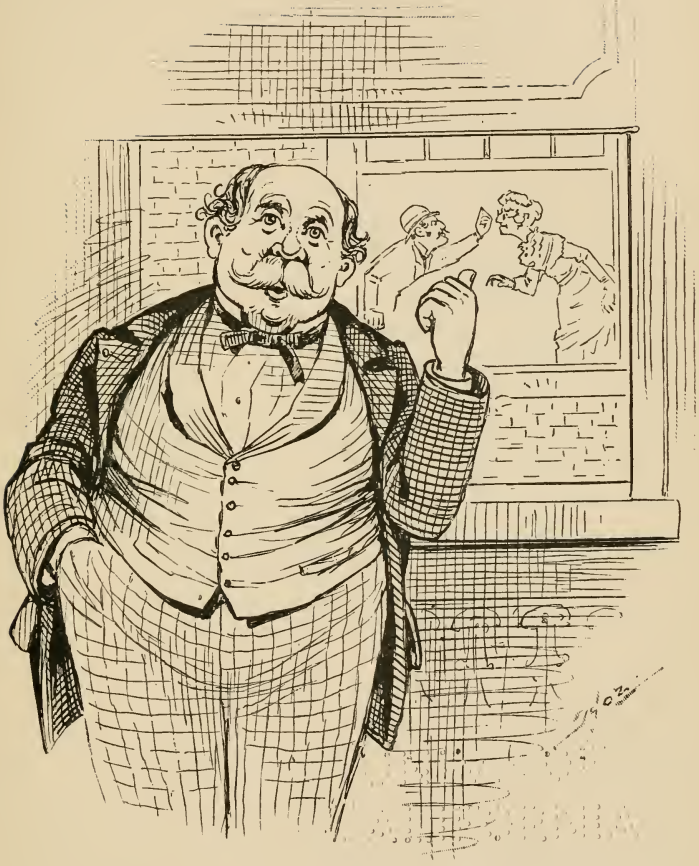
A hawk flew down und der fish dook in
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!);
Und der hawk he dink dot der shmardest vin
Vhen he shtuck his claws in dot fish's shkin.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A hunter vas oudt mit his gun aroundt
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!),
Und he say vhen der hawk vas brought to der groundt,
Und der fish und der leedle frog vas foundt,
"It vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!"

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

Dhere vas many qveer dings, in dis land off der free,
I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps,
Mitoudt der least bit off a cause;
Und, vould you pelief id? dhose mean Yangee chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!

Shust dink off a vhite man so vicked as dot!
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?



Who vas id gets oup, vhen der nighdt id vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?

Und dhen in der vinter, vhen Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made righdt avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellers, I been—
Dhere vas nodings dot's mean aboudt me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust lets her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!),
Eef she goes for dot chap like some dousands off bricks,
Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas alvays der same,
Dot vomans vas boss off der house;

Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.

Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der
shpring,
Und fire-vood to shplit oup und saw,
She vas velcome to do id. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too goot for mine moder-in-law.

YAW, DOT ISH SO!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
"Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show."
I shmokes mine pipe,
I trinks mine bier,
Und efry day to vork I go;
"Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show;"
Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
I don'd got mooch down here below,
I eadt und trink,
I vork und shleep,

Und find oudt, as I oldter grow,
I haf a hardter row to hoe;
Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
Dis vorldt don'd gife me haf a show;
Somedings to vear,
Some food to eadt;
Vot else? Shust vait a minude, dough;
Katrina, und der poys! Oho!
Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
Dis vorldt don'd been a fleeting show.
I haf mine frau,
I haf mine poys,
To cheer me daily, as I go;
Dot's pest as anydings I know;
Yaw, dot ish so!

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

I READS in Yawcob's shtory book,
A couple veeks ago,
Von firsd-rade boem, vot I dinks
Der beoples all should know.

Id ask dis goot conundhrum, too,
Vich ve should brofit by:
"'Vill you indo mine barlor valk?'
Says der shpider off der fly."

Dot set me dinking, righdt avay,
Und vhen, von afdernoon,
A shbeculator he cooms in,
Und dells me, pooty soon,

He haf a silfer mine to sell,
Und ask me eef I puy,
I dink off der oxberience
Off dot plue-pottle fly.

Der oder day, vhen on der cars
I vent py Nie Yorck, oudt,
I meets a fräulein on der train,
Who dold me, mit a pout,

She likes der Deutscher shentlemens,
Und dells me sit peside her—
I dinks, maype, I vas der fly,
Und she vas peen der shpider.

I vent indo der shmoking-car,
Vhere dhey vas blaying boker,
Und also haf somedings dhey calls
Der funny "leedle joker."

Some money id vas shanging hands,
Dhey wanted me to try—
I says, "You vas too brevious;
I don'd vas peen a fly!"

On Central Park a shmardt young man
Says, "Strauss, how vas you peen?"
Und dake me kindly py der hand,
Und ask off mine Katrine.

He vants to shange a feefty bill,
  Und says hees name vas Schneider—
Maype, berhaps he vas all righdt;
  More like he vas a shpider.

Mosd efry day some shvindling chap,
  He dries hees leedle game;
I cuts me oudt dot shpider biece,
  Und poot id in a frame;
Righdt in mine shtore I hangs id oup,
  Und near id, on der shly,
I geeps a glub, to send gvick oudt
  Dhose shpiders "on der fly."

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

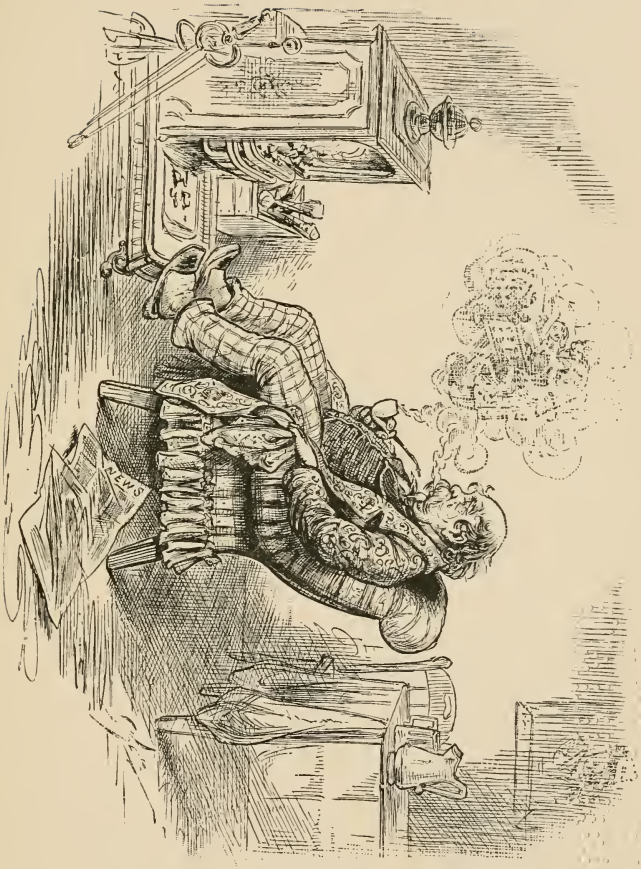
Der schiltren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nighdt;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside prighdt
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader, too,
Und how he yoost to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle blay!"

I find me oudt dot id vas drue
  Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vhile smoodhing down mine flaxen hair
  Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
  To shpeak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
  Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dhem more as neffer vas,
  Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nighdt ve takes dhem oup
  Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedimes, vhen I feels plue,
  Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
  Und dis vas all a dhream.


NEWS

I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
  Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
  Und tuck me in mine ped.

DER VATER-MILL.

I READS aboudt dot vater-mill dot runs der life-
long day,
Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce
id flows avay;
Und off der mill-shtream dot glides on so beace-
fully und shtill,
Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same
vater-mill.
Der boet says 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis
broverb fast—
"Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit
vater dot vas past."

Dot boem id vas peautiful to read aboudt; dot's so!
Budt eef dot vater *vasn't* past how could dot mill-vheel go?
Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id vas been inclined
To dake each obbordunidy dot's gifen id to grind?
Und vhen der vater cooms along in qvandidies so vast,
Id lets some oder mill dake oup der vater dot vas past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells us vonce again,
"Der sickle neffer more shall reap der yellow, garnered grain."
Vell, vonce vas blendy, aind't id? Id vouldn't been so nice

To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain ofer tvice!

Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass alreaty mown?

Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let vell enough alone.

"Der summer vinds refife no more leaves strewn o'er earth und main."

Vell, who vants to refife dhem? Dhere vas blendy more again!

Der summer vinds dhey shtep righdt oup in goot time to brepare

Dhose blants und trees for oder leaves; dhere soon vas creen vons dhere.

Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine frendts, und holdt id fast:

Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der oldt vas past.

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead; der
grain dot's in der bin;
Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust
vas gathered in.
Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce goes
droo der mill;
Ids vork vas done! Dhere's blendy more dot
vaits ids blace to fill.
Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down
to der peasant—
Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der
vater dot vas bresent.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
  Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
  Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
  Dot made dis leedle shoke:

"A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue,
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas been der glinging vine;

Und vhen hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und been der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"

All planted roundt ubon der seats—
  Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
  Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
  Und vhich der glinging vines?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,
  Und veeks und veeks he shtays,

Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
  Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
  Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
  Dot oak he glings to now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
  Der boet von time said;

Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy been,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togeddher.

MINE SHILDREN.

Oh, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher
mine life!
Vhy don'd dhey keep qviet, like Katrine, mine
vife?
Vot makes dhem so shock fool off mischief, I vun-
der,
A-shumping der room roundt mit noises like dun-
der?
Hear dot! Vas dhere anyding make sooch a noise
As Yawcob und Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a goot qviet shmoke
Dhey crawl me all ofer, und dink id a shoke

To go droo mine bockets to see vot dhey find,
Und if mit der latch-key mine vatch dhey can vind.
Id dakes someding more as dheir fader und moder
To qviet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dhey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drousers und shtockings, und sooch dings as dhese.
I dink if dot Crœsus vas lifing to-day,
Dhose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay;
I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dhem new dings.

I pring dhose two shafers some toys efry tay.
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dhey say,

"Und Shonny Schwartz' barents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus, mit a shleigh fool off toys,
Don'd gif sadisfactions to dhose greedy poys.

Dhey kick der clothes off vhen ashleep in dheir ped,
Und get so mooch croup dot dhey almosdt vas dead;
Budt id don'd made no tifferent: before id vas light
Dhey vas oup in der morning mit pillows to fight;
I dink id was beddher you don'd got some ears
Vhen dhey blay "Holdt der Fort," und dhen gif dree cheers.

Oh, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher mine life!—
But shtop shust a leedle. If Katrine, mine vife,

Und dhose leedle shildren, dhey don'd been around,
Und all droo der house dhere vas neffer a sound—
Vell, poys, vhy you look oup dot vay mit surbrise?
I guess dhey see tears in dheir old fader's eyes.

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

DHERE vas vot you call a maxim
Dot I hear der oder day,
Und I wride id in mine album,
So id don'd could got avay;
Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
He moost mind vot he's aboudt:

"'Tis too late to lock der shtable
Vhen der horse he vas gone oudt."

Vhen I see ubon der corners
Off der shtreets, most efry night,
Der loafers und der hoodlums,
Who do nix but shvear und fight,
I says to mine Katrina,
"Let us make home bright und gay;

Ve had petter lock der shtable,
So our colts don'd got avay."

Vhen you see dhose leedle urchins,
Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
Shump righdt indo der melon-patch,
Shust owf der garden vall,

Und vatch each leedle rashkell
Vhen he cooms back mit hees "boodle,"

Look oudt und lock your shtable,
So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!

Vhen der young man at der counter
Vants to shpecgulate in shtocks,
Und buys hees girl some timond rings,
Und piles righdt oup der rocks,

Look oudt for dot young feller;
Id vas safe enuff to say
Dot der shtable id vas empty,
Und der horse vas gone avay.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock:
Don'd hurry droo life's courses;
Rememper vot der boet says,
"Life's but a shpan"—off horses.
Der poy he vas der comin' man;
Be careful vhile you may;
Shust keep der shtable bolted,
Und der horse don'd got avay.

"CUT, CUT BEHIND!"

Vhen shnow und ice vas on der ground,
  Und merry shleigh-bells shingle;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas been around,
  Und makes mine oldt ears tingle—
I hear dhose roguish *gamins* say,
  "Let shoy pe unconfined!"
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
  Und yell, "Cut, cut pehind!"

It makes me shust feel young some more
  To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
  Py shings! I shust vould—vell,

Vhen some oldt pung vas coomin' py,
I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump righdt in upon der shly,
Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
Vonce, vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
Und fool off life und shoy.
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
"Or else shust bear in mind,
I dake you righdt across mine knee,
Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
Und mine young Yawcob, too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
Shust like I used to do;

ROVIS IONS

Und vhen der pungs coom py mine house,
I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
Cut, cut, cut, cut pehind!"

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

Inspired by an Unusual Flow of Animal Spirits.

No sweeter girl ewe ever gnu
Than Betty Marten's daughter Sue.

With sable hare, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;

Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;

Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.

Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.

Alas! a sailor, on the sly,
Had cast on her his wether eye—

He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I musquash.

He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Anteater in the easy-chair.

He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map

The spot where once a cruiser boar
Him captive to a foreign shore.

The cruel captain far outdid
The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.

He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say, "My buck, doe you like that?

"What makes you stag around so, say!
The catamounts to something, hey?"

Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say, "You are a lazy sloth!

"I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
Until for beef and porcupine!"

And, fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"

In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a llama braver man.

Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa;

Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept, *sans* shoes and minus ox;

And when he fain would goat to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.

Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
"How koodoo live in such a place?"

And straightway into tears would melt,
And say, "How badger must have felt!"

While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say, "Aye-aye, my lass!" and grin.

* * * * * * *

Excuse these steers. . . . It's over now;
There's naught like grief the hart can cow.

Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackal and jilted me.

And now, alas! the little minks
Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

Hello, thar, stranger! Whar yer frum?
Come in and make yerself ter hum!
We're common folks—ain't much on style;
Come in and stop a little while;
'Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well!
What, way frum Bosting? Naow, dew tell!
Why, that's a hundred mile or so;
What started yer, I'd like ter know,
On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home—no friends? Naow that's too bad!
Wall, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad—

Wife, see what yer can find ter eat,
And put the coffee on ter heat—
We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't git a job,
And not a penny in yer fob?
Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare!
What, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear
Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
Father was killed? 'Sho'; whar? Bull Run?
Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
And got used up, too, pretty bad;
I sha'n't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey?
A baby when he went away—

Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life,
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade"
Swept down upon our small brigade
I got the shot that made me lame,
When down on me a trooper came,
And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead;
The trooper's sabre cleaved his head.
Joe Billings was my comrade's name;
He was a Bosting boy, and game!
I almost wished I'd died instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so?
Your father! what, my comrade Joe?

And you his son? Come ter my heart!
My home is yours; I'll try, in part,
Ter pay his boy the debt I owe.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

El Dorado, 1851.

I've jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new,
When I seen this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter 'n' advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;

But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
'N' made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N' standin' thar instead
I seen an old white farm-house,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch
Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple sass
Wuz sittin' thar in view;

HERE'S WHAR
YER GETS YER DOUGHNUTS
LIKE YER MOTHER
USED TER MAKE

'N' on the table by the stove
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black;
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then—the old sign creaked;
But now it wuz the boss who spake,
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
'N' ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.

I'll make the old folks jubilant,
'N', ef I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"Pray how is your daughter, friend Scroggins?
I hear that she had quite a fall
While dancing the German, last evening,
At Montague's *recherche* ball.

"I'm sorry Miss Laura was injured,
And hope that no serious harm
Will ensue from the fall; I assure you
Wife and I were quite filled with alarm.

"Those dresses with trails are a nuisance;
They didn't wear them in *our* day.
No wonder that accidents happen
With such things to get in one's way.

"When *we* used to dance, my dear Scroggins,
There were no such 'pullbacks' as these
To mar our delight in the 'mazy,'
And trip us, perchance, on our knees.

"You could balance, and go down the centre,
And dance the Virginia reel,
Without walking half up a panier,
With the bustle caught on to your heel.

"Mrs. Grundy called over this morning,
And said, with a smirk and grimace,
That Laura, last night at the party,
Was horribly banged round the face.

"So I thought I'd come over and ask you
If she was improving to-day,
And if we could be of assistance
In any conceivable way.

"Mrs. Grundy said—" "Zounds, Mr. Jenkins,
Just tell Mrs. G. to be hanged!
There's nothing the matter with Laura;
'Twas her hair, not her face, that was 'banged.'"

ROLLER-SKATING.

IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT I.

"Ho, ho!" said careless Willie Gates;
"Who couldn't learn on roller-skates?"

ACT II.

"Ah, ha!" said he, as on the floor
He struck out boldly for the door.

ACT III.

"So, so!" observed the roller-skates,
"We'll interview young William Gates."

ACT IV.

"Oh! Oo-o-o!" said Willie, meek and humble,
"I thought 'twas easy; *now I 'tumble.*'"

PREVALENT POETRY.

A WANDERING tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hyiouxs.

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs
March single file — never by tiouxs—
And by "blazing" the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests ne'er liouxs.

All new-fashioned boats he eschiouxs,
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs;

These are handy and light,
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from diouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian maize, which they briouxs,
And hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chiouxs.

* * * * * * *

Now, doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fyiouxrious!
So a word to the wise!—
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious.

THANKSGIVING.

Within a garret, cold and forlorn,
A group is gathered Thanksgiving morn:

Father and mother, with children three—
One but a babe on the mother's knee.

Haggard and pale is the father's face,
Where lingering sickness has left its trace:

While the careworn look on the mother's brow
Tells of the sorrow upon her now.

Hungry and faint from the lack of food,
With scanty clothing, no coal nor wood;

A broken table, a bare pine floor—
What have they to be thankful for?

Thoughts like these to the parents come,
While sitting here in their cheerless home.

The children, nestled upon the bed,
A fragment of carpet over them spread,

Are blind to their parents' mute despair;
And the little girl, with a pitying air,

Says, "What do *poor* children do, I wonder,
With no warm carpet to cuddle under;

"No papa and mamma to give 'em bread,
And tuck 'em up when they go to bed?"

Tear-drops start from the father's eyes;
Prayers from the mother's lips arise.

* * * * * * *

Footsteps fall on the creaking floor;
A knock is heard on the chamber door.

A bluff "Good-morning" their query brings,
And, "Sambo, you rascal, fetch up the things!"

While the squire's darkey, with cheerful grin,
Food and clothing brings quickly in.

"Lord bless you, ma'am! why, who'd a knowed
That folks lived up in this 'ere abode?

"'Tain't fit for a barn, 'n', ez I'm a sinner,
I'll take you all to my house to dinner.

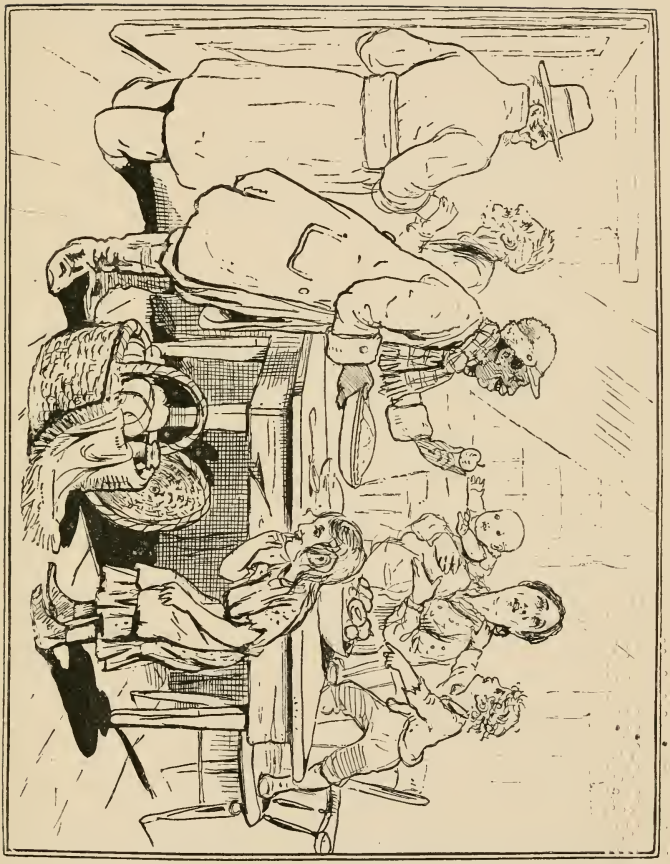
"I'll find you work when you're strong and well,
'N' a better place than this 'ere to dwell—"

And the squire paused, while a tear arose,
And dropped unseen on his ruby nose,

As the baby boy, with a happy look,
A rosy apple from Sambo took,

And the children gathered, with hungry eyes,
'Round the platter of doughnuts and pumpkin pies;

While the grateful mother could only say,
"Truly, this *is* Thanksgiving Day!"



THE BUTCHER'S COURTSHIP.

"Oh, my Mary Ann," he side,
"Will you be my loving bride?
I cannot liver 'nother day without you.
Your bright smile lights up my heart;
Whisper yes, beefore we part,
And the tenderlines of love I'll cast about you!"

Then the rascal, growing bolder,
Drew her head upon his shoulder,
While the ribbones on her bonnet fluttered free,
And fore-quarter of an hour
They reclined within the bower,
And she promised him she ever true would be.

"Now," says he, "I must be goin'—
Don't you hear the cattle loin?
I can tarry here no longer, love, to-day;
You can steak a silver dollar
I shall be a steady caller;
Keep your pluck and spirits up while I'm away!"

Then he turned to cross a mead
Where the horned cattle feed,
And wasn't paying very much attention
To the gender of the herd,
When there suddenly occurred
An accident he fain would never mention.

He chanced to look a round,
When towards him, with a bound,
Came their masculine protector o'er the lea:

And so brisket seemed to him
That his chance was rather slim
To flank him, or to even shin a tree.

He was bull dosed, so to speak,
Sorely rumpled, cowed and weak,
And will steer hereafter clear from bulls and cows.
The tail, alas! is sad;
Would'st shun a bull that's mad?
Then beware the quick contraction of his browse!

MY INFUNDIBULIFORM HAT.

The scenes of my childhood, how oft I recall!
The sports of my youth, with my kite, top, and ball;
And that happy day when, with spirits elate,
I took my first step towards manhood's estate,
With a new coat and vest, bosom shirt and cravat,
And *début* with my infundibuliform hat.

How I stooped beneath awnings full seven feet high,
To the no small delight of my friends passing by;

And the sport that I made for the boys at the
store
When I "chalked" at the height of my "tile"
on the door;
One foot and two inches—I think it was that—
My guess on that infundibuliform hat.

Then my maiden attempt as a maiden's gallant
When I proffered my elbow, with glances aslant;
And the walk to her dwelling that evening so
fair,
Not to speak of the *tête-à-tête* when we got
there,

The forfeit I claimed, as together we sat,
When she tried on my infundibuliform hat.

* * * * * * *

Well! boys will be boys, and we men, after all,
Would gladly be freed from Time's pitiless thrall,
And live those days over, when, single and free—
Zounds! wife's looking over my shoulder to see
What I have been writing. . . . Well, we've had
a spat,
And she smashed my infundibuliform hat.

THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

"'Twas midnight; not a sound was heard
Within the'"—"Papa! won't 'ou 'ook
An' see my pooty 'ittle house?
I wis' 'ou wouldn't wead 'ou book"—

"'Within the palace, where the king
Upon his couch in anguish lay'"—
"Papa! Pa-*pa!* I wis' 'ou'd tum
An' have a 'ittle tonty play"—

"'No gentle hand was there to bring
The cooling draught, or bathe his brow;
His courtiers and his pages gone'"—
"Tum, papa, tum; I want 'ou *now*"—

A B
B
C
D
G H
L

Down goes the book with needless force,
And, with expression far from mild,
With sullen air and clouded brow,
I seat myself beside the child.

Her little trusting eyes of blue
With mute surprise gaze in my face,
As if in its expression stern
Reproof and censure she could trace.

Anon her little bosom heaves,
Her rosy lips begin to curl;
And with a quiv'ring chin she sobs,
"Papa don't 'uv' his 'ittle dirl!"

King, palace, book—all are forgot;
My arms are 'round my darling thrown—
The thunder-cloud has burst, and lo!
Tears fall and mingle with her own.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

How dear to dis heart vas mine grandshild Low-
eeza!
Dot shveet leedle taughter off Yawcob, mine son!
I nefer vas tired to hug und to shqveeze her
Vhen home I gets back, und der day's vork
vas done.

Vhen I vas avay, oh, I know dot she miss me,
For vhen I come homevards she rushes bell-mell,
Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss me—
Her "darling oldt gampa," dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do mitoudt her,
She vas sooch a gomfort to her, day py day:

Dot shild she make efry von habby aboudt her,
Like sunshine she drife all dheir troubles avay.
She holdt der vool yarn vhile Katrina she vind it,
She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
She fetch me mine pipe, too, vhen I don'd can find it,
Dot plue-eyed Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

How shveet, vhen der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
Und Sunday vas come, mit its qviet und rest,

To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
Und look off der leedle birds building dheir nest!
Her pright leedle eyes, how dhey shparkle mit pleasure!
Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear like a bell;
I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt, shtormy veddher,
Katrina und I ve musd sit in der house,
Und dalk off der bast by der fireside togeddher,
Or blay mit dot taughter off our Yawcob Strauss.

Oldt age, mit its wrinkles, pegins to remind us
Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dvell;
But soon ve shall meet mit der poys left pehind us,
Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

MINE KATRINE.

You vouldn't dink mine *frau*,
If you shust look at her now,
Vhere der wrinkles on her prow
Long haf been,
Vas der *fräulein* blump und fair,
Mit der wafy flaxen hair,
Who did vonce mine heart enshnare—
Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
Since ve game acrosd der sea,
To der gountry off der free
Ve'd neffer seen;

Bud ve hear der beople say
Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
So I shtarted righdt avay
Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
Vhen dot goot oldt Toctor Krauss
Brought us "Leedle Yawcob Strauss,"
Shveet und clean;
Vhy, I don'd pelief mine eyes
Vhen I look, now, mit surbrise,
On dot feller, shust der size
Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
He vas grown so tall und fine—
Shust so sdrait as any pine
You effer seen,

Und der beoples all agree
Sooch fine poys dhey neffer see.
(Dhey looks much more like me
As Katrine.)

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
Und dhere's naught our lofe destroys,
Budt I miss dhose leedle poys
Dot used to been;
Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
Und I feels so sick at heart,
Vhen I dinks I soon must part
From Katrine.

Oldt Time vill soon pe here,
Mit his sickle und his shpear,
Und vill vhisper in mine ear
Mit sober mien:

"You must coom along mit me,
For id vas der Lord's decree;
Und von day dhose poys you'll see
Und Katrine."

VERSIFIED PUNS.

Some running rhymes, neither profound nor wise,
To swell this book to a convenient size.

CRYPTOGAMIC.

Augustus and Nelly were walking
Through the meadow, one bright summer day,
And merrily laughing and talking,
When some toadstools they saw by the way.
"Do the toads really use these to sit on?"
Said Nelly—"now don't make a pun, Gus,
If you do, like the subject we've hit on,
I'll deem it the meanest of fun - Gus."

PENNY WISE.

"Can you tell me," said a punster
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a penny he had dropped—

"Can you tell me why, at present,
I am like Noah's weary dove?"
And he glanced with inward tremor
Towards a gun that hung above.

"Would'st thou know?" he queried, blandly,
As he dodged the cudgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger—
"'Tis because I'm one cent out."

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Schpend someding less as vot you earns;
Pay all der notes vhen dhey comes due;
Don'd you forget von half you learns,
Nor bite off dwice vot you can chew.

A FLOORER.

Says Pat to his girl, "Be the Powers,
A conondhrum I hev fur ye, dear!
Why are ye like the goddess of flowers?
Sure ye nivir will guess it, I fear!

"The ansor I'll be afther givin':
Now thin, d'ye mind, me swate Nora?
It's two shtories high ye are livin',
That makes ye a rale second Flora!"

GOING THROUGH THE RYE.

Says the Captain to Pat,
"Come, I'll have none o' that!"
As Paddy of whiskey was drinking his fill.
With a satisfied sigh,
As he finished the "rye,"
Says Paddy, "Be Jabers, I don't think ye will!"

ALL IN HIS EYE.

He jumped on board the railway train,
And cried, "Farewell! Lucinda Jane,
My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas! how soon he changed his cry,
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
He said, "Confound Loose Cinder!"

FALL POETRY.

A certain young woman, named Hannah,
Slipped down on a piece of banana;
She shrieked, and oh-my'd!
And more stars she spied
Than belongs to the star-spangled banner.

A gentleman sprang to assist her,
And picked up her muff and her wrister.
"Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried;
"Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, Mister?"

EARLY RISING.

"... Rise with the lark,
And with the lark to bed—"

Why for a pattern choose the lark—
Rise in the morn while yet 'tis dark,
And with the early bird to bed repair?
Why not take bruin for example?
Of promptness, pray, what better sample?
'Tis said there's nothing s'urly as a bear.

TIME'S CHANGES.

'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
He wooed his bonny bride;
His umber Ella, rain or shine,
Was ever by his side;
But now he does not Kaffir her,
No love tale does he tell her;
He'd fain Bedouin something else—
Alas! poor Arab-Ella.

HOME MEMORIES.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!"

I'm sitting again 'neath the old elm-tree's shade,
And viewing the fields where in childhood I strayed;
The breeze fans my cheek, and the birds go and come,
While I listen, entranced, to the bee's soothing hum.

Hum, hum—sweet, sweet hum!
Tho' it ever so humble-bee—
—!!—!!!***He's stung me I vum!

COUNTRY SOUNDS.

The humming of the bees,
Wafted on the scented breeze,
And the robin's tender notes are very fine;
But sweeter, far, to me
Than the humming of the bee
Is the melting tender loin' of the kine.

THE BACHELOR'S CONSOLATION.

Oh, dear! this gout and rheumatiz,
I fear I shall go wild!
But though I am a bachelor,
And have no chick nor child,
I know that when I am no more—
Let folks say what they please—
Although I have no kith nor kin,
I'll have my leg-at-ees.

PAT'S LOGIC.

"The greatest burd to foight," says Pat,
"Barring the agle, is the duck;
He has a foine large bill to peck,
And plinty of rale Irish pluck.

"And, thin, d'ye moind the fut he has?
Full as broad over as a cup;
Show me the fowl upon two ligs
That's able fer to thrip him up!"

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

"'Im sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured, "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twus in the fall of 'forty-nine
The gold fever broke out,
'N' I'd hev been a pioneer
Without the slightest doubt,
But Molly, here, took on 'n' said,
"Ar go naut, dearest Joe!"
I thought I'd argy not with her,
So, boys, I didn't go.

WHAT'S HONOR.

Ask not the soldier in the battle's van,
Nor yet the statesman, uncorrupt as gold,
But her beneath your own roof-tree, who can,
And will most willingly, to you unfold
The secret. Bid her mark your neighbor's wife
When she her ample wardrobe seeks, to don her
Fine garments; when she reappears, my life
I'll stake, your better half can tell what's on her.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stewed on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
And when they shouted, "Leave the wreck!"
He turned and hotly said,
"I'm goin' down with this 'ere ship—
Hulk, mast, jib-boom, and spanker;
And when I've made my briny trip,
You'll find Casa-by-anchor."

SHARP SHOOTING.

"I'm an archer, dear, no longer,"
Said a maiden fair and bright
To her beau, with lip a-quiver—
"Webster says, 'Toxophilite.'"

Then she gave her beau a narrow,
Searching glance, with pert grimace,
While he thought his love was archer
Than Diana in the chase.

"William Tell me how you like it;"
"Well enough," replied the wight;
"It is true, among the archers,
Oftentimes, talk's awful light."

THE END.

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